

Poems and Translations

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Poems and Translations

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By

Frederic Rowland Marvin



Pafraets Book Company

Troy, New York

1907

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BY

FREDERIC ROWLAND MARVIN

To my Dear Wife
In whose Pure Love and Noble Companionship
I have found Gladness of Life
And Inspiration for Labor
I Dedicate this Book

PREFATORY NOTE

IN this little book the author has collected all of his poetical compositions which he desires to have preserved. These verses represent no great ambition, and would never have been brought together "between covers" had not other books from the same pen been received by the reading world with a kindness and appreciation much beyond the expectation of the author. It may be some will miss a poem or two long years ago cut from a magazine and transferred to a scrap-book, or otherwise preserved; some may find here and there a verse they would have omitted; more may not greatly interest themselves in the matter one way or the other, reading the book, if they read it at all, to fill an idle hour or gratify a passing curiosity. No author can please all readers, or satisfy the demands of every critic; but it is with a sincere hope that these verses may be of service to his fellow men and a source of pleasure to many readers, that the author launches his book, and sends it forth upon its lonely voyage to shores of which neither author nor readers can have much knowledge.

F. R. M.

*Go, little book,
And be to other men
What thou hast been to me—
Communion, fellowship, and hope!
Say to other men:
“In these brief lines
A living man was housed,
And here he breathed desire and faith;
Not such as schools and chapels teach,
But such as God approves.”
Go, little book,
And rest your heart
Against some heart to me unknown,
And cry: “Hail brother! evermore to you
Glad fellowship, and kindly love,
And pleasant journey home!”*

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POEMS



MARCUS AURELIUS AND EPICTETUS

TWIN stars, serene and pure,
In the fear-haunted gloom
Of the wild pagan night,—
So long, so long ago!
In royal purple one,
Philosopher and saint,
With words divinely wise;
The other but a slave,
Yet monarch still who ruled
The godlike minds of men.
Alone, undimmed, they burned
Above a world of doom,
Until the morning-red
Flamed crimson in the east,
And the ascending dawn
Of an immortal Christ
Filled the blue heavens with light.

“ SONGS OF INNOCENCE ”

WILD flowers by the hedge-row,
Clover, and daisy, and spurge;
Buttercups, golden, aglow,
With hearts full of sunlight and cheer;
The oak, the elm, and the maple,
The tangle of forest and brake;
The song of the brook in the meadow;
And the silver repose of the lake;
The lowing of kine on the lea;
The twitter of birds, and the ceaseless
Sweet hum of the bee;
The heat of summer at noon-day;
And the cool refreshment of rain,
As showers descend on the woodland,
The grass, and the heavy ripe grain.

Ah Blake, in thy pages forever
The sun and the storm have their home.
Nature is one with thy singing,
The flowers in thy verses are springing,
And harvest and winter are thine.
But the joy of thy rhyme and thy measure,
And the song of thy soul, they are mine.

THE SOUL

*Καὶ ἀνθρώπου γε ψυχὴ, εἴπερ τι καὶ ἄλλο τῶν ἀνθρωπίνων,
τοῦ θεοῦ μετέχει.—Xenophon.*

THE Soul is its own destiny:

Fate is the Soul in motion:

It hath nor bound of space nor time;

It is the Infinite.

Duration that doth mock all measurement

Becometh conscious—is the everlasting Soul.

Time is a cunning fancy;

The immortal gods

Have wrought the subtle fabric of the hours,

To blind the Soul that looketh out

On its immensity.

But all in vain:

The introverted vision gazes on infinity;

Alone, supreme, the Soul forever dwells.

Empires have birth, they do decay and die;

Advancing years, like phantoms,

Sweep forever down the abyss of time

And slumber on the bosom of Forgetfulness.

Forever falls the sand, the glass is never empty,

Fed from the running fingers of Eternity.

The sands are ages:
Forever weep the Klepsydræ;
Their tears the universal grief express,
And drop into the bosom of Eternity.
But what are empires and the endless years
Unto the Soul that holdeth all!
Behold the infinite, far-shining, everlasting Soul—
Behold the Human Soul!

THE IMMORTAL GODS

THE gods can't die, poor fellows,
 Endless lives are theirs;
On clouds they loll forever,
 And hearken to our prayers.
They shake the heavens with thunder,
 With lighting part the sky,
And curse the fate that made them,
 And will not let them die.

The earth is green and tender,
 The ocean cool and deep;
'Neath foamy waves and waves of grass
 We lay us down to sleep.
The gods pursue with anger,
 From cloud to cloud they leap,
But they can never find us
 When we are gone to sleep.

ETHER

PURE air the soul demands,
And cloudless light:
Who to himself can say
Bravely, "Thou must!"
Austere compulsion turns
To sweet delight;
He breathes the mountain-air
Of duty loved,
Nobly obeyed.
O'er all the crystal sphere,
Radiant above him springs
From the rude earth below,
Heaven's dome of blue.

THE DOWNWARD GAZE

BEHOLD the earth, if thou wouldst see
The smile creative of the Lord;
And, speechless, hearken to her voice,
If thou wouldst hear the heavenly word.

The downward gaze is upward still,
The inward silence sacred song:
The heart that waits in love for God
Shall know He never tarries long.

THE LION OF LUCERNE

WITH equal courage soldier and commander
fell;

Why were not all recorded name by name?
The stone was ample, and the artist's skill was
there,

To give them, great and small, to deathless fame.

Alas, how meagre is the gratitude we yield

To humble men who royal service give!

We little care that silent worth unhonored die,

If rank and title, crowned with glory, live.

MY EARTHLY LOVE

NO dim and dreamy ghost I sing,
Nor phantom floating in the air;
To one who treads the solid earth,
I send alike my song and prayer.
To perfect matter strong and sweet,
The face and form of her I love;
The matchless speech and subtile breath,
And eyelid trembling like a dove,—
A dove within an earthly nest,
Who hears the coming of her mate,
Or feels his kiss upon her breast,
And chides him that he comes so late.

The matchless joy of sense I sing!—
The earthly joy of here and now:
Before no fading ghost I kneel—
Before no distant future bow.
Go, little song, and seek the lips
Of her who waits thee with a kiss;
And tell her, only in her arms
Thy poet-master dreams of bliss.
No angel seen by prophet eye,
Nor shaped by art with peerless grace,

My Earthly Love

With feet that tread the azure sky,
And roam the boundless field of space,
Is half so true or sweetly fair
As one who walks with me apart:
I lose me in her shining hair,—
She is the goddess of my heart.

O Death, so like a stormy cloud
Within a gentle summer sky,
Thou lonely phantom sad to see,
I will not fear thee though I die!
Go, little song, to her I love,
And tell her Death is in the air;
It is his shadow on the world
That makes the present moment fair.
We have one hour of life and love,
And ages filled with silent sleep—
There is no time for Faith to pray,
Nor time for sullen Grief to weep.
Go, tell her if we love not now,
The life we live is only death
And dust that have no joy in time,
And only feed on bitter breath.

“THOU KNOWEST”

NEATH Montparnasse's sacred shade I stand
And greet whom I have known before,
But not, as in the days of yore,
With song and laughter and the voice of praise.
Alas, the bounding pulse and flashing eyes,
And motion eloquent of swift surprise,
Are dust beneath the flowers to-day!
I turn to read—the name and little else!
What could the lifeless marble say
For one who cast herself away?
“*Thou knowest.*”

THE HOSPITAL NURSE

“**H**OW shall I know when I am dead?”
The fever-stricken patient cried:
Whispered the nurse: “I cannot say,
For I have neither lived nor died.

“How can I live and nurse the dead?
How die, and with the living go?
So long I’ve wrought a single task,
I nothing else can think or know.

“From ward to ward I glide and glide,
And breathe the ether-tainted air;
My heart is dull, mine ears are filled
With sob, and curse, and wildered prayer.

“The surgeon’s knife is keen and true,
The doctor’s drugs are bitter quite;
And round and round forever swing,
In equal darkness, day and night.

“Ah me! that God should make this world,
If any God in heaven there be;
Can He not feel His creatures’ woe?
Is He so blind He cannot see?

“ Last night a wounded man they brought,
 The mangled flesh they cut away;
 He scarcely breathed, his failing pulse
 Ceased, and he died with opening day.

“ Long by his lifeless form I stood,
 I saw them lift the helpless clay;
 The same old duties called me then,—
 Some wound to dress, some throat to spray.

“ Let say who will that God is good;—
 I doubt there is a God at all;
 But if there be in heaven or hell,
 He cannot hear us when we call.

“ I come and go, and do my work,
 With kindly thought, and kindly deed;
 One word alone, 't is only Help,
 Makes all the substance of my creed.

“ But it is earthly Help, and lo,
 It falls not from the heavens above;
 It dwells within the human heart,
 And all its blessèd name is Love.

“ I have been down to hear them pray,
 Within the chapel on the street;
 All through the service rich and strong,
 I seemed to hear the word Defeat.

"A silken robe the preacher wore,
His alb and chasuble were fine;
And in his face there was a look
Of dainty meat, and costly wine.

"He was no bishop, yet he had
The pride and pomp that bishops wear;
Smug satisfaction oiled his throat,
But lifted not my load of care.

"And as I left the House of Creed,
A beggar hobbled by the door;
In him I saw the groaning world,
And I could never worship more.

"I have one duty, only one,
To serve with heart, and hand, and brain
The race He loved who meekly bore
A Golgotha of shame and pain.

"Dear Christ, whom earthly priests deride,
And gilded churches mock with prayer,
My human heart looks up to Thee,
And longs Thy blessed work to share.

"And if there be no God above,
Nor any God on land or sea,
I am content to call Thee Lord,
And for Thy love to worship Thee."

TO A BIRD

BIRD upon the leafy tree-top,
'Mid the bending buds of Spring,
With the golden sunlight painted
Strangely on thy folded wing,

With the blue of heaven entwined
Round thy soft and slender throat,
Trembling like a thing affrighted,
With each sweet and gentle note—

Bird of beauty, free and happy,
Singing all the glad day long,
Is there aught of wrong or sorrow
In thy world of flowers and song?

Are there dreams of years departed,
Hopes that come not back again;—
Are there loves that fade and darken—
Joys that vanish into pain?

Tell me if the same sweet music
Makes thee happy all thy way,

If no night of pain or sorrow
Mar the blessedness of day.

.

Not a word to me thou speakest
Though I patient wait, and long;
Still with trembling throat thou singest,
While I listen to the song.

THE OPEN DOOR

SEE, little bird,
I open wide
The door for thee;
Thou mayest glide
On waving wing,
And gladly sing,
And everywhere
In the sweet air
Of freedom dwell.

I too, little bird,
Would scape my cage;
Would fly abroad
E'er frosty age
Hath chilled my breath,
And dimmed mine eye;
And nought but death,
In field and sky,
Awaits my song

HOW TO REMAIN YOUNG

STRIVE always to be calm; be cheerful and
sleep well;

Delight in music; much with little children dwell;
With moderation eat; salute the opening day
With glad "Good morning!" be it rosy dawn or
gray;

Thy burdens bravely bear, yet make thou no delay
To help a feeble brother all the rugged way;
Think not too much of self; nor idly fret and
grieve

That thou must all earth's wealth and beauty
some day leave;

Trust thou in God; and in the holy footsteps tread
Of those who live forever, though men count
them dead.

Wise as the serpent, and yet harmless as the
dove—

Be thou like Christ in heavenly patience and in
love.

BURIAL HILL

GONE with their beautiful faith,
Their wonder, and vision divine,
Are the men of our Puritan days,
And the wives and mothers of old,—
Each grave in New England's a shrine.
The living still echo their praise,
But hold not as of yore their belief;
Strong were their sermons and prayers,
And sweet were the hymns they sung;
But the fathers are dust at our feet,
The voice of their worship is still.
I hear the glad carol of birds,
And the song of the wind in the trees,
As they heard them of old in this place;
Yet not as they heard them I hear,
For dead are the wonder and fear
That made the forest resound
With shout of battle and prayer.
In the roar of the sea on the shore,
The voice of Jehovah they heard;
They beheld Him in dreams of the night,
And they rose in the pride of their might,

And defied all the world in His name.
Their faith was a rock of defense,
Hard as the flint in their guns;
Not loveless, but stern and austere
As the righteous implacable fate
They adored in the God whom they served.
They are gone, and their faith is no more,—
Its beauty, its wonder, its love,
Its fear, its might, and despair;
But we, their children, still hold,
Not their creed, but their life in regard—
We honor them still in our hearts.
Here lived, and sorrowed, and loved,
The men of those Puritan days;
And here 'neath our feet they repose,
Under violet, daisy, and vine,
And the fragrant and trailing wild rose.
Mingles their dust with the dust
Of the hills and valleys they knew;
But their spirits so brave and devout,
Ah, who shall arise to declare,
If the dream of their worship came true?

THE SECRET OF THE STARS

*Wie das Gestirn,
Ohne Hast,
Aber ohne Rast,
Drehe sich jeder
Um die eigne Last.—Goethe.*

AH well! If it were so
That ever we might go,
Starwise, in silent flight
Through the encircling night,
With neither haste nor rest,
Whether in East or West,
In North or South aflame;
Having this single aim:
Always the appointed task
To perform, and not to ask
Foreknowledge of our fate.

Wie das Gestirn—even so!
Summers come and summers go,
Fragrant flowers and drifting snow,
Empires rise and empires fall;
These can not disturb at all
Draco's eighty flames of fire,

Vega, and the golden Lyre.
All the fret of our brief life,
All the seeking and the strife,
What we hate and what we choose,
What we win and what we lose—
These, how poor they all appear
When we think of that high sphere
Where the stars burn on for aye
Through the vast expanse of sky,
Without haste and without rest,
Ever doing each its best,
At its own appointed work.

Soul of man, the stars above
Speak to thee of our great love,
Centred in no misty creed,
But interpreted in deed.
List! the secret now they tell:
Do thy work, and do it well.

INFINITE PRESENCE

A LIKE Thou art in stillness and in storm;
In gentle winds that woo the evening star,
And welcome the descending gloom of night
With song of forests and the sounding sea.
Thou art in flower and shrub; the running brook;
The restful silence of the purple hills;
And in the lowly meadows where the kine
Repose at noon beneath th' o'erhanging boughs
Of oak and elm. Afar Thou art and near;—
In distant worlds, and in th' trembling dew-drop,
That on blushing rose doth hang a jewel
Fit for Paradise above—too pure for earth.
Thou art in ev'ry thought that stirs the soul
Of saint or sage; in every noble deed;
In woman's love; and in the voices dear
Of little children, such as Jesus held
In His pure arms, and pillowed on His breast.
And this poor world is beautiful because,
Though sin and shame have marred its grace, it
 knows
The mighty Love that changes and transforms.

FATE

I

CEASE your spinning, busy Fate;
I am weary with the weight
And the sorrow of my state!

Cut the silken thread in twain;
Let the robe be made in vain
That is woven from my pain.

Let forgetfulness descend,
Like the blessing of a friend,
On the sorrow I would end.

II

Bending low, she gently said:
"Nor the living nor the dead
Are divided from my thread.

"Only take the pain I send,
It shall teach thee like a friend,
To be faithful to the end:

"It shall teach thee to be strong,
Patient under nameless wrong,
Turning discord into song."

BRAHMA'S CUP

I LIFT the cup of Brahma high!—
The cup and liquor both are his;
That flowing draught is perfect rest,
For Brahma's self the liquor is.

Let endless kalpas still revolve,
Who quaffs, no grief shall e'er befall;
For he shall dream the dream of God,
And never know he dreams at all.

My transmigrating days are o'er;
God's hand presents the sacred cup;
I eager grasp the chalice now,
And drink the Godhead's liquor up.

And while the sacred wine I quaff,
Two souls are mingled on the brim;
I drink of Brahma in the cup,
And he receives me into him.

ISIS

I am all that has been, all that is and shall ever be: no mortal has lifted the veil from my face.—*Inscription upon the Temple at Sais.*

I WAS e'er ancient time began—
The stars are young, but I am old;
The circling ages come and go,
And I the heaven and earth enfold.

I am, and in my heart I clasp
The priceless treasures of the sea;
I spread the desert-sand abroad,
And bade the sacred Nile-stream be.

I shall abide when stars are gray,
And age hath dimmed their wonted glow;
No mortal lifts the veil I wear,
And none my hidden glory know.

CLEOPATRA'S MUMMY

British Museum, Case No. 6807.

A HEAP of crumbling bones,
Black with old Egypt's dust and grime;
A bit of shrivelled skin;
And painted cloth,
Brittle from years,
And with bitumen stained.

Was it for these, ambitious Roman,
Thou the lily of pure wedded love
Didst scorn to wear,
That so upon thy perjured heart
Might blush the crimson passion-rose of sin?

Draw near! Thy hand repose
Upon these dark and pulseless breasts,
Hard as the lava-stones,
O'er which in triumph roll'd,
All drenched in blood,
Thy chariot wheels,
Whilst shouting hosts
Rent with loud acclaim,
From sea to sea,
The azure heavens!

Once were these crumbling bones
Clothed in a woman's beauty,
More fragrant than the breath of incense
Burned where tinkling bells,
And crystal fountains,
Filled with gentle music
The whispering groves of fair Dodona,
And the pale-eyed priestess
Breathed the hallowed air.
Here rests the dark-eyed daughter of the Nile,
Who nursed on golden bed,
The sucking asp.

Draw near, thou lover
Whom the sweet-voiced poets laud!
Enfold with throbbing heart
The proud lascivious queen
Of all thy passion and desire,
For whom thou didst despise
The fair Octavia in her Roman home.

Thou wilt not come!
The lonely shadows deepen,
And from English sunset,
Dull and gray as sea-blown mists,
Dies the last flickering beam,
And all at length is still.
The visitors are gone:
The doors are closed:

The daughter of great Ptolemy,
In the London-town,
Slumbers unconscious of her shame.

Where are the Cæsars,
And proud Anthony of old?
Their warring spirits earth defied,
And Heaven.

But now the meanest weed
That on forsaken Actium's field
Blooms for the dead,
Need fear no rude alarm;
The armèd hosts are gone;
Their conflicts all are ended,
And the fury of their wrath
Is stilled forever.

Draw near—
None shall thy right dispute!
In yonder crystal case,
She who was the passion and despair
Of nobler hearts than oft have ruled the world,
Dishonored lies—unloved!
Meanly labelled and described
For vulgar eyes to scan,
Her charms
The vilest boor may view,
And count himself
More fair than she.

LOVE

TIME was when Love was bright and fair,
Had soft blue eyes and golden hair.

Time was when Love had all his way,
And made this great world glad and gay.

Time *was!* What change hath come to men?
Is Love not strong and fair as then?



LOVE'S METEMPSYCHOSIS

BRIEF space for tears and prayers
To him who loves and dares
The high gods send;
But laughter-lighted days,
Through all life's winding ways,
Unto the end.

I stand beside the sea,
And salt winds cover me
With spray.
I know that I who stand
Betwixt the sea and land
All day,

Shall be as yellow dust,
Blown here and there—
Heaven's winds shall carry me,
I wist not where.
But this one thing I know,
Where'er my dust shall blow,
The life of love will go.

And if some lily spread
Its golden heart or red
 Unto the sun;
And it should chance to be
My love Eulalie,
My dust, like living light
Upon the wind's white wings,
When through the grove she sings,
The flower would find.

Its silver stem would bend
Until its shadow fell
Above me like a bell
That trembles for delight.
The perfume of its breath
Would lift me out of death,
And lead me into life.

THE TEST OF LOVE

HIS lady fair a lover once reproved,
For she had fondly kissed another swain;
“I do deny,” right stoutly she averred,
“That he kissed me and I kissed him again;”
“Not so? not so?” the lover cried, “I know
Because I saw ’t was not what I had heard.”
Hot was the lady’s speech: “You love me not,
Since you believe your eyes and not my word.”

WILD ROSE

DO I believe? O lovely rose,
Outside the garden-close,
Unplanted, wild and free!
How could I doubt His skill,
Whose love created thee?
The fields are red with clover,
And daisies star the lea,
But not in all the meadow
Is flower so dear to me.
'Tis in thy face forever,
His heavenly face I see
Who made the garden roses,
And left my wild rose free.
Do I believe? O fairest of all prairie-flowers,
As winds believe in sea,
As stars believe in midnight,
So I believe in thee!

LILIES FOR ROSALIE

RAISE your heads, ye virgin lilies—
Lilies white, so chaste and free!
Bend no more with artless grace,
Mirrored in the water's face—
You shall live with Rosalie.

Lift your stems of shining silver;
Open wide your leaves to me;
You shall live, and never fade,
When you're with the fairest maid—
On the breast of Rosalie.

Lilies, hear you what I'm saying?
Fadeless glories ye shall be;
Careful, then, lest wavelets drift you;
Stooping low, I gently lift you—
You shall live with Rosalie.

KINDNESS

WHOSE eye with melting pity flows,
His life is like a summer rose;
But he whose ready hands are kind,
A father's heart in God shall find;
For better 't is to love than weep,
And better far to work than sleep;
For human kindness is divine,
And what thou givest shall be thine.

THE VIVISECTOR

*He look'd so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who could break their jests
on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd
at his knee —
Drench'd with the hellish oorali — that ever such things
could be!*

TENNYSON: *In the Child's Hospital.*

WOULD I the vivisector's hand enclasp?
May God forbid!

Let the red scoundrel go his way; not mine
To share his cruel life to shame and mercy doubly
dead.

The air I would not breathe he breathes; the
wine
Of life should be unmixed with gall. A heart of
flint may be

A thing to wonder at a while, but not
To love and trust, though Science and Fair Learn-
ing yield their names

To cover o'er the dark and damning blot
Of his base deeds. With blood his hands are red,
and more than foul

From reeking filth of shambles where resound,

From creatures misnamed dumb, despairing cries
of agony—

Vain cries for mercy: mercy is not found
Where men more like to fiends in hell, with ruth-
less hearts perverse,

Live, and delight them in the pain they give.
May God on them the mercy they refuse bestow!
but I

Must still remain too human to forgive.

A little dog too gentle to defend itself from wrong,
By years of kindness taught to trust, was rudely
bound one day.

A ruffian who himself “physician” called, the
quiv-ring nerves

Dissected out with greedy knife, the blood all
dripping down

From his vile hands upon the sanded floor. The
creature’s howls

Of agony he heeded not; the shameful lust of
pain

Was in his loveless soul; the joy of butchery
inspired

His icy bosom with the spirit of the ancient
Cain,

For he would have dissected out his brother’s
heart, could he

Have won applause from men as vile and brutal
as himself.

Around him wounded creatures lay; instruments
of torture

Covered all the slippery floor and the ensan-
guined shelf.

The air was heavy with the feter of decay; a
sense

Of deepening horror darkly brooded all the
place, as though

The creatures, great and small, that he had cut
or torn apart,

Had left him with their curse a nameless
legacy of woe.

Upon him by mere chance I came, but ne'er
shall I forget

The scene my vision met in shambles where he
gladly wrought,

And in the name of Holy Science, to his students
round,

With conscience seared and shameless, all the
art of murder taught.

Yet there be Christian men and women who his
lie believe:

“ 'Tis for advance of Science and to help the
Healing Art

That countless beasts, and birds, and swimming
creatures God hath made,

Must mangled be, and cut, and burned, and
rudely torn apart.”

Great God! have we not human hearts who boast
a Christian name?

Are we all dead to conscience and to every sense
of shame?

When we lift not our voices 'gainst so great a
deed of wrong,

The baseness is our own, to us the brutal crimes
belong.

DUST TO DUST

“**D**UST to dust!” cries out an ancient church,
Above the lonely graves of all her dead;
Better the silent lip, could no sweet word
Of tender hope and pity there be said.

“Earth to earth, and ashes unto ashes!”
Not thus to trembling hearts spake Christ
of old.

“Thy dead shall live,” breathes from the Sacred
Page,
And lo! from every tomb the stone is rolled.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

A TRUST that ancient folly yet shall come
To feed on all the human race;
A ghastly faith that kneels before a lie,
And glories in its own disgrace.

A faith that tramples reason 'neath its foot,
And mocks the wisdom of the schools;
That drives the holy angels out of Heaven,
And fills the future world with fools.

MATERIALISM

Suggested by Büchner's Kraft und Stoff.

A FAITH that grasps the outer shell,
But never seeks for hidden fruit;
And to explain the soul of song,
Would weigh and measure pipe and lute.

TRANSCENDENTALISM

A DARK abyss where nothing is;
Adown whose silent spaces deep,
From naught to naught, with wild delight,
The modern saint and sibyl leap.

THE SAFEST CREED

“NAME me the safest creed,” I cried,
“These warring faiths my mind confuse.”

Then answer made a gentle Voice:

“To none who seek thy help, refuse;
Do good, believe that good shall come,—

That out of darkness light shall shine;
In every man a brother see,

And thou hast found a creed divine.
The age shall Calvin’s name forget,
And Channing’s words shall die in air,
But they who love their fellow men,
Shall find the future bright and fair.”

ASPIRATION

AS longs the star for night,
The flower for sun;
So longs my soul for Thee,
O Holy One.

BERKLEY CHURCHYARD

HOW still are ail the dead,
Each in his narrow bed;
None anxious vigil keep,
But all are fast asleep;
On every brow is rest,
Peace dwells in every breast.
It is a great relief
To know that neither grief,
Nor any sad distress,
Nor doubt, nor weariness,
Their slumber shall disturb.

Yonder the gray church-tower
The spreading elms embower;
Its storied window looks
Through ivy-mantled nooks,
To where the roses bloom
O'er ruined wall and tomb.
No more the walks are trod,
Where clover-blossoms nod;
The yellow daisies bright,
All rimmed with spotless white,
In matchless beauty wave

O'er crumbling stone and grave.
The heavy velvet moss
Obscures a marble cross,
A funeral urn, and half
The quaint old epitaph,
Where years and years ago,
When earth was white with snow,
And winter winds were rife,
They brought the gentle wife,
And laid her down to rest;
Hands folded on her breast,
And on her sad, sweet face
Such meek and holy grace,
The preacher scarce could say
The prayer, but turned away
And wept. The story yet
We cannot quite forget,
Though fifty years are flown
Since on the sculptured stone
The scripture verse they placed,
And her sweet name they traced.

Yonder an old woodbine,
Fast to a lifeless pine,
Clings trembling in the wind.
Whose bones are here enshrined,
Beneath its wealth of green?
The flowers that bloom between

The loosening joints of stone,
Have wholly overgrown
The once familiar name,
Long known to village fame.
Here rests a rural bard;
His lowly lot was hard,
His vision drear and dun.
Some poor applause he won
In humble hearts and homes;
No tooled and gilded tomes
Contain his simple rhymes,
Nor in far distant climes
His rustic songs are sung,
But here when he was young
He wrote, and early died.
The simple folk some pride
In his rude work displayed,
And o'er his grave they made
This record carved in stone.
A little volume bound
In paper, once I found—
'Twas all he left the world.

Beneath a chestnut tree
Yonder a tomb I see,
Of costly marble wrought,
From distant quarry brought,
And reared with vulgar pride,

So strong it must abide
When many years have flown.
Well is the story known,
Recorded not in stone,
But all remembered still.
His was the ruined mill,
Whose bones lie here at rest;
And in that mill a chest
Contained his hard-earned gold;
Who 't was the secret told,
Was never known. One night,
By some strange oversight,
Unlocked was left the door;
We never knew much more,
Only when morning broke,
Dead upon his floor of oak
The wealthy miller lay.
Who took the gold away,
A secret to this day
Remains. Yet one dark night,
Some hand did boldly write
Upon the snow-white shaft,
A rude remorseful draft
Of a confession, made
With purpose to evade
Disclosure, yet express
Contrition and distress.
The cleansing snow and rain

Have washed that mark of Cain
From the fair stone away;
Remains not to betray
The writer, one sad line.

What mem'ries cluster here!—
The smile of hope, the tear
Of sorrow and regret,
And anxious thoughts that fret
The inward soul of man.
How brief life's little span!
How sweet life's golden day,
That will not with us stay!
And yet is death not sweet,
A calm and cool retreat
After the toil and heat,
The weakness and defeat,
Of our frail human lot?
Once to the village came
Whom many years of shame
Had left rare beauty still;
It was her last sad will,
That here her dust might lie
Beneath her native sky;
She would nor praise nor blame
Should e'er engrave her name,
Nor any mound be made,
To tell where they had laid,

Beneath the quiet shade,
Of an o'erhanging bough,
The fair dishonored brow
That only longed for rest.

How strange a thing is life—
The wild incessant strife
Of passion and despair!
Before we are aware,
The day is flown for aye—
So soon 't is time to die.
Death never yet forgot,
In palace or in cot,
In any time or place,
One of our passing race.
Before me stands the shaft
Of one whose gentle craft
It was to carve in wood;
In all the neighborhood
Was known his wondrous skill.
Now yonder daffodil
Grows from the dust that wrought,
The cunning brain that thought.
Why was his life so brief?
Ask thou the fallen leaf
That lies before thee now,
Why from its parent bough,
Ere came the winter-day,

So soon it fell away.
Ask thou the withered flower,
That bloomed its little hour,
And at thy feet lies dead.
No more its fragrance shed
Upon the evening air,
Breathes softly everywhere
The thought of summer fair.
Death reigns forevermore;
And yet we need not pore,
In lonely doubt and grief,
O'er fallen flower and leaf.
Life hath its joy for all:
The vine on yonder wall,
Where spotted lizards crawl,
And the glad robins call
Gaily their feathered young.
Has, all unnoticed, sprung
From the dark earth below.
The winter's frost and snow,
Gave it new strength to grow.
Out of our griefs arise
The things that most we prize.
Life is too brief for tears,
Too soon it disappears;
Nor should our foolish fears
Make sad the flying years.
From these let us arise

To greet the morning skies,
To welcome the bright noon,
Or watch the silver moon
Flood with its mellow light
The erstwhile lonely night,—
Lonely no more since we,
In earth and air and sea
May use and beauty find.
We may not leave behind
Our grief, and yet behold!
From it there may unfold,
As from the bud a flower,
Some rich and golden hour.

Back from the wars there came
A soldier—read his name
Unknown to larger fame,
On these rude broken stones,
That like his crumbling bones,
Themselves are crumbling now.
The heavy lilacs bow,
Until they touch the ground
In the low sunken mound
Where the gray squirrels hide.
'T is said he was a scout;
From battle oft without
A single wound he came;
Yet, such is human fame!

His grave is left alone,
With weed and vine o'ergrown.
And here I muse a while,
Beside this ruined pile,
And dream of that bright day
When war shall pass away,
The crime of battle cease,
And universal peace
Shall greater conquest know,
Than sword and gun can show.

With bowed and reverent head,
Above his dust I tread,
Who though men call him dead,
Speaks to the list'ning ear,
To counsel and to cheer.
Beside the soldier brave,
In even humbler grave,
The village pastor lies.
Himself he put aside,
To be the friend and guide
Of lowly ones and meek;
'Twas his their good to seek.
Unlettered rustics heard
From his pure lips the word
Of warning or of praise;
And all his useful days
To quiet toil he gave,

The erring soul to save.
His holy life was bright
With a diviner light
Than earthly science knows.
I pluck the clamb'ring rose
Where he lies now at rest;
Of all, his life was best.
On this wild fragrant flower,
The child of sun and shower,
Pressed in some cherished book,
Oft will I musing look.
The leaves though faded, still
Shall from themselves distil
An odor rich and rare,
Not for our earthly air,
But for the inward sense.
God grant when we go hence,
Some kindly word or deed,
Far more than rite or creed,
And more than worldly gain,
To all may still remain—
Our gift of love for men.

THE DAISY

A LITTLE daisy,
White and gold,
In my garden grew;
All the daisy knew,
 Could be told
In five lines or less;
Yet the day I bless,
 That little flower,
 With heavenly dower,
Sweet comfort brought to me.
 In its humble grace,
 I beheld the face
 Of the Christ of old,
Who the birds and flowers,
 Loved with tender love.
 Would He love me less
Than He loved the lilies long ago?
Little daisy, bright and fair,
We may trust His constant care,
In field and garden everywhere.

THE NEW AGE

NO more in believing, enduring affection,
The age of strong creeds and unshaken
confessions

Lives, with its power of daily conferring
Strength to the heart that, often desponding,
Cries for a wisdom abiding and perfect,
To illumine the vision with splendor of hope.
Names that charmed and sweetly controlled us
Are silent, and silent shall ever remain,
Though we strive to rekindle with prayer and
devotion

The flame they once fed in the heart's deep
retreat.

But nobler and wiser, when once we discern
them,

Lead onward forever brave Duty and Action,
With strength to encounter, and vanquish un-
daunted

The spectres of conscience that distract and
bewilder,

And lay them o'erthrown in the dust at our feet.
Not the creed, but the deed is the hope of the
future:

The rule of the priest shall vanish away,
But the life that is lived with earnest endeavor,
Stout heart to endure, brave hands to achieve,
Shall build us anew the temple of worship,
And the Christ shall return with His message
of peace.

A MODERN PREACHER

HE was a preacher of the modern sort,—
One third religious and two thirds a sport;
On Sunday preaching best to fill the pews,
A little Gospel and more human views;
His sermons spiced with lively “storm and stress,”
And well reported in the daily press.



THEOLOGICAL EXPERTS

Bishops have a clear right to expect from all men devout and willing submission in matters of both doctrine and practice. They are theological experts, and in a very real sense the directors of conscience. It is not to be denied that there have been among our Spiritual Lords some who were incompetent and even unworthy, but even these sat in Moses' seat and might not be disobeyed with impunity. Implicit obedience is the one great law of the church.—*Church Paper.*

WHEN the gay monkey reigns,
We all do well to dance;
And when the ass parades,
We all do well to prance.

The monkey and the ass,
They both can play the flute;
The wise man is a fool,
Who would with them dispute.

The teachers one and all,
They sit in Moses' seat;
They know the whole of truth,
The will of God complete.

He is a fool indeed,
Who would with them contend;
Can we the ass instruct?
The monkey comprehend?

Discourse thou noble ass,
To wisdom we incline;
Be patient till our minds
Climb slowly up to thine.

Both ass and monkey reign,
And daily they parade;
'Tis ours to dance and prance,
To their sweet serenade.

EVERLASTING TRIFLES

Horum quis est, qui non malit rempublicam turbari, quam comam suam? qui non sollicitior sit de capitis sui decore, quam de salute generis humani? — *Seneca*.

A CURL, a scarf-pin, or some foolish thing,
Sets all the world awry;

'T was so when gay old Horace lived and loved,
And will be so for aye.

His life wise Seneca destroyed, to please
A graceless royal rogue:

To kill a sage to glad a brutal king,
Was good old Roman vogue.

Two thousand years have flown, and we, alas!
Are as our fathers were,

For wealth of mind and heart are little worth,—
Gold sets the world astir.

VANITY

L O! I have suffered deeply
In passion and in pain;
The fruits of life have tasted,
I will not taste again.
Where sang the birds in summer—
Where bloomed the flowers in June,
The winter snows are drifting
Beneath the silver moon.

The golden lights are darkened,
The harp's sweet sounds are o'er,
The singing times are ended,
They will return no more.
The flowers were bruised in anger,
The grapes were crushed in vain,
There came no wine of laughter
From out the fruit of pain.

ON THE REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS
OF CALDERON

1840

UNTO a tomb more splendid than was thine,
O gentle poet of rare mind and art divine,
There was no need transfer thy sacred dust;
Nor need to rear for thee the marble bust!
Increased renown to seek for thee were vain,
For lo, thy tomb is Portugal and Spain!

FICHTE'S GRAVE

Dorotheenstadt Cemetery, Berlin, November 16, 1895.

HERE rests a pilgrim at his journey's end,
Nor smiting sun nor blasting storms disturb
Repose well earned, his day of life well spent;
Sweet Death hath mixed for him her drowsy
herb,

Infused a gentle slumber through his veins,
And on his brow impressed the kiss of peace;
Here joy and sorrow, equal strife to him,
And all his doubt, and love, and longing cease.

Hegel and Solger by his side repose,
And near, the gentle wife who loved him well;
Around his grave the evening shadows fall,
And through the tree-tops weave their wondrous
spell;

Hard by the sculptured marble bears his name,
And words from Daniel's rapt and mystic page:
"Like the bright firmament the teachers shine;
And as the stars of heaven forevermore,
Who turn men's thoughts to righteousness and
God,
And teach the heart to worship and adore."

Dear master of the thoughts of men, in love
Upon thy grave these humble lines I place;
O'er me the light of reason thou hast shed,
And all my doubts and brooding fears effaced;
The flame that Kant had kindled thou didst fan
To brighter radiance of thy heavenly fire;
Thy living words had wisdom to console,
The power to cleanse, illumine, and inspire.

WORSHIP

FORMS are dissolving,
As shadows they fade;
Best is the worship
That seeks no reward;
Devout the petition
No answer attends;
More blessèd is God
Than the thing He bestows.
Seek not and strive not,
He waits at the door.
Changeless, enduring,
The spirit remains,
When the mould into fragments
Is shattered at last.

SPINOZA

Schliermacher, "Rede über die Religion."

A LOCK of hair to good Spinoza's manes!
The Spirit of the world infused his own;
He saw the boundless universe instinct
With love, and yet, alas! he dwelt alone.
Filled with divine and happy thought, his mind
Took little heed of human praise or blame;
Disciples he had none, yet deathless glory
Crowned with her laurel his immortal name.

GOD

TEN thousand worlds His face behold,
Beneath His feet the stars are dust,
Yet man contains Him all in all.
In our rude speech He speaks His will,
Not wild the sibyl's frenzy was,
Nor was the prophet's warning vain;
Still brightly burns the hallowed fire,
And stammering lips the message breathe:
The Love creative reappears,
And as the Father, so the child.

FAME

IN his vast gardens, once an Oriental lord
A stately palace reared in Ghazneh fair;
And that he might his royal father greatly please,
He sought to make a splendid banquet there.
But o'er the father's face a shade of sadness fell:

“Dear son,” spake he, “my wealthy subjects
all
Could with their gold a thousand pleasure-
structures build;

'T were nobler far to heed the heavenly call,
And for thy soul construct a temple of such fame
As wealth and knowledge nevermore can give.
Strive not ambition's gilded dream of power to
grasp,

But learn for more abiding fame to live.”
Long years ago Mohammed's palace fell,
And o'er the plain its stones are scattered wide;
But still with fond delight the monarch's name is
breathed,
His deeds of valor and his fame abide.

Learn thou, my soul, that more than sacred lesson
well:

Who lives for good achieved, his fame endures;
To all who serve their age, and love their fellow
men,
The holy Allah his reward insures.

BE STILL AND WAIT

BE still, O Soul!
For thee unwearied toils th' Immortal Love,
And from the tangled threads of time
Doth weave the garment of eternity.
Be still and wait.
The loom hath many threads,
But the swift shuttle runneth well;
A day, a night, and lo! between two hours
The fabric falls.
Be still and wait,
For thou shalt wear the garment of eternity,
The shining robe of immortality.

THE RULE OF LIFE

WITH Reason dwell in ever sweet delight,—
A noble purpose in thy daily life,
To which, as turns the needle to the pole,
Thou mov'st with neither haste nor eager strife.
Seek not unfathomed mysteries to view,
Nor let brief trifles stir thine inner mind;
Desire not boundless wealth, nor knowledge vast;
Be not self-centred—to thy neighbor blind;
Waste no regret on what thou canst not change
Let common joys supply a sane delight.
Thus live, and peace shall be thy changeless
friend;
Gladness shall fill thy day, and sleep thy night.

REVERIE

ALL around me, everywhere,
Through the dreamy world of air—
Underneath me, overhead,
Like the shadows of the dead,
Float the endless mysteries.

Through the russet Autumn leaves,
Where the purple twilight weaves
Wondrous webs of light and shade,
Silent cities rise and fade—
Cities without histories.

Through the tangle and the brake,
Till they meet the silver lake,
Run the merry mountain streams—
Fall like ever-fading dreams
In the ocean of the night.

O'er the mountain, through the glen,
And the city filled with men,
Float the navies of the air—
Drop their anchors everywhere
Through the silent depths of light.

Underneath them waves of sound,
 With strange melody resound;
 On their decks the sailors sing,
 Keeping time with everything
 On the earth and in the air.

And within me, like a voice,
 Something bids my soul rejoice,
 Saying: "Seek not to explain,
 Where thy search must be in vain;
 Let thy soul be lost in prayer."

ONLY A WORD

ONLY a flower that grew awhile,
By the dusty roadside there,
One thing 'mid grime, and heat, and weeds,
Fragrant, and fresh, and fair.

One word in all the fierce debate,
Tender, and kind, and true;
Dear word, my life is better now,
And sweeter far for you.

TO ONE ABOUT TO DIE

FOR thee Time weaves her silver thread
Between the living and the dead.

The tide of years runs smooth and still
Through the sweet valley of God's will.

The banks are scented far above
With the white lilies of His love.

And, through the wind's triumphant song,
He bids thy passing soul be strong.

I would not mar the perfect grace
That God hath shed upon thy face

With one sad word of song or prayer,—
But leave thee, as He made thee, fair.

“USE WELL THE PASSING HOUR.”

NOR strive nor sorrow more
The tearless dead:
To all impartial Fate
Metes out a common lot.
As on some lonely moor,
With sedge o’ergrown,
And lichens dank,
Descends the boreal snow,
Her mantle dull Oblivion spreads
In silence and repose.
Brief are man’s days,
And all unequal his desires.
He questions much,—
How little he discerns!
On years of doubt
How late the wisdom that attends!
Therefore, what life to thee remains
Live well;
Make holy covenant
With conscience free of inward guilt,
And noble purpose reared to deeds of love.
To thee remains,

“Use Well The Passing Hour” 81

How brief so e'er it be,
Some season wisdom may improve.
Use well the passing hour.
To pray, if gods attend,
Is wise in man,
Yet they pray best
Who labor most;
Than smoking holocausts,
Oblations rare,
And rites austere,
Is honest toil preferred,
That, rich in its abundance,
Yields divine reward.

THE SECRET KNOWLEDGE

Of that ineffable essence which we call Spirit, he who thinks most will say least.—*Emerson.*

I HAVE seen God,
Yet what He is
I may not say,
Lest when you think,
And when you pray,
What He is not
He should appear.
Was He begot
Of our rude speech?
Nay, but to each
He is more dear.

Forever streams
His presence bright,
In varied hues,
Reflected well
In many souls;
But who can tell
What sweet delight
To each is given?

I may not preach,
You may not hear;
There is no rule,
Austere command,
Or stern decree
Of any school,
Or creed to teach.
No inward strife
Can bring him near.

Why should you ask
Of Him or His?
Why seek to know
His plan for me?
Will thou His will,
And go thy way.

VIRGILII CARMINA

Ex Typographia Firminorum Didot.

HOW I love thee, little book!
Virgil made thee years ago—
Sweeter poet never lived
In this winter-world of ours;
And good Didot printed well
All thy pages fair to see;
'T was an artist of rare grace
Made the pictures that adorn
Volume of such sweet delight,
From the Roman singer's heart.
What companionship is thine,
Gentle friend of happy hours!
When I turn thy sacred leaves,
Page on page of minted gold,
Jewels from the mine of thought,
Flowers of earth, and asphodel,
All are mine—O, treasure great!

When the evening shadows fall,
And the twinkling stars on high
Burn above my quiet home,
In my little room I go,

And before the firelight muse,
With the Georgics open wide.

Æneas lives again in thee:
Throng around me men of old;
Songs of battle and of love,
Songs of ploughed and fertile fields,
Gladness of our human life,
Toil, and sorrow, and despair,
All that man has known or been,
Throb and burn upon thy page.
O, what bliss my heart inspires,
As I wander far away,
With my Virgil hand in hand!

FOLLOW THE LIGHT

Wer frei will seyn

Der folge diesem Sonnenschein.

TO moping owl,
And loathsome bat,
Leave starless gloom.
The mole may burrow,
But the bird will soar,
And all the echoing wood
With music flood.
Wouldst thou be free?
Follow the sunlight;
Caverns dark forsake,
Where crumbling hopes and fears
Of creeds and races dead,
Moulder in slow decay,
And nevermore the golden sun
Sheds warmth and welcome cheer.
The morning-red with radiant wing salute;
Through azure spaces of unclouded sky,
Follow with glad triumphant song,
The glory of the opening day.

AT THE TOMB OF SENANCOUR

IN Sevres before a tomb I stood and read,
'Neath waving willow and an ilex there,
The name of one whose aching heart breathed
out

With dying breath this last and bitter prayer:
"Be thou Eternity, my refuge!" None
Was there for thee but silence and the night:
And as I mused, a bird flew swiftly by,
God's sunlight flashing from its pinions bright.

Of Oberman's enchanted page I thought,
The story of thy lonely pilgrim days;
I pondered if Eternity at last
Were welcome goal of thy sad wand'ring ways.
And as I mused, far up a leafy bough
The bird sang sweetly of great love and hope;
The air was fragrant with the breath of flowers,—
The wild red rose and purple heliotrope.

O Senancour, there is a refuge here
For earthly sorrow and our wild unrest!
The hill, the forest, and the running brook
Invite repose on Nature's soothing breast;

88 At the Tomb of Senancour

And when our little selves we do forget,
 In the bright world of beauty God hath made,
Scant power hath human ill the heart to vex,
 Nor is there boding woe to make afraid.

Far from the crowded city's wildering maze,
 God meets us in the flight of singing birds;
His voice is in the winds and sounding sea,
 And in the lowing of the peaceful herds.
The simple joys of rural life have grace
 To still the tumult of our care and doubt;
From artificial thoughts our life allure,
 And these poor pleasures we might do without.

This lesson from thy lonely tomb I learn,
 Thou gifted son of genius and despair:
'Tis only when our sense of self we lose,
 As well we lose our burden and our care.
All Nature thrills with music and with song,
 When we have ears to catch the heavenly
 strain;
And when with love our hearts are warm and
 true,
We know He made us not to live in vain.

THE IMPRISONED SOUL

OH weary, sorrowful soul of man,
Forever struggling at the gate!
Thou know'st not that a prison holds thee;
The bars are welded time and fate.

An angel waits without to free thee,
To ope the gate and break the chain;
Thou wilt not bid the angel enter,
But striv'st to free thyself in vain.

The angel's name is sweet Contentment,
She bids thee give the struggle o'er;
But reach her hand within the darkness,
And time and fate shall bind no more.

“SIGH NOT A VANISHED PAST.”

WHY chase the flying dream
Of wealth and fame?
For us the marble waits;—
A date—a name.

The grass is green to-day,
The heavens are blue;
The summer heart holds now
Love sweet and true.

Fill the swift hour with glad,
Kind deeds and words;
The fragrance of the flowers,
The song of birds.

Sigh not a vanished past,
A fading year;
Enrich the passing hour,
And banish fear.

So shall the world grow young,
And envy die;
Peace from the heavens descend,
And God draw nigh.

HAFIZ

WINE, wine, sweet wine,
Rich blood divine

Of purple vine,
With glowing fire
My soul inspire,
And tune my lyre!

“Hafiz is dead,”
The maidens said,
“Drowned in the red
Wine-wave. Alas!
Who shall surpass,
On the green grass
Or the blue sea,
Hafiz the free?”

In sweet surprise,
From the clear skies
Of Zara's eyes,
A shining dart
Pierced Hafiz's heart.

From the red wave,
She thought his grave,

With deathless song,
Clear, sweet, and strong,
Sprang Persia's lyre
Of mingled fire
And sweet desire.

"Wine, wine for me,
Hafiz the free!
And when I die,
My soul shall fly
From love's alarms
To Zara's arms."

SOMEWHERE

SOMEWHERE a place is waiting—
Has waited long for me;
I cannot tell if on the land,
Or in the deep blue sea.

It may be on the mountain-top,
By wandering breezes fanned;
Or in some lonely valley,
In a forsaken land.

But whether it be on the land,
Or, 'neath the boundless sea;
It is the place that Nature holds
Close to her heart for me.

THALIA

FIERCE flames fell on your brow upturned
To meet th' eternal light;
Immortal fire from heaven came down,
To make your dark eyes bright;
Your cruel limbs, your shapely form,
The high gods wrought their best;
They stamped with kisses soft and sweet
Their image on your breast.

They formed your subtle nerves and veins,
And bade your pulses swell;
They filled your breathing flesh with life,
And shaped your spirit well.
Then down the changing isles of time
With solemn chant they came,
And to the sound of silver harps
They syllabled your name.

Seven golden flames the high gods wrought
And bound them in your hair,
And all the heavens sent songs to you,
And all the earth sweet prayer:
But lo! one temple there was found
Where no soft lights were shed;
That lonely temple was my heart—
The dwelling of the dead.

THE FAR HORIZON

I

SWING low, thou silver moon!
The rhyme and rune
Of frost and snow,
Of seas that flow,
And winds that blow,
Of weed and flower
That sun and shower,
Rejoicing, bring
To every spring,
Keep time and tune.
A gentle mirth
Fills all the earth;
O'er vale and height
The quiet light
Of heaven descends:
Swing low, thou silver moon—
Flood all the restful noon
Of this sweet summer night,
With calm and holy light!
Swing low! swing low!

Swing low, thou silver moon!
On nature's breast
My heart, at rest,
The music hears
Of singing years,
And laughing flowers;
I watch the hours
Unfold their wings;
To meet the skies,
The mists arise
Through all the day,
In circles gray,
O'er purple hills;
The night comes down
Upon the town;
And o'er the sea,
The mystery
Of created things
A deeper darkness flings:
Swing low, thou silver moon!
Swing low! swing low!

II

Swing low, thou silver moon!
Another sound is in the air,
A cry of anguish and despair.
Dark shadows fall, and everywhere
The lonely graves on sea and land

Rest not, but evermore demand
To know the justice of man's fate:
"Rules love, or only deathless hate?"
War lifts her crimsoned sword on high,
And at her feet the nations lie.
Plague, famine, and disaster smite,
And, in their wild and cruel might,
Make sport of human hope and fear.
The fruitless fields are brown and sere.
The canker and the worm divide
The glory of all earthly pride.
The soul on dust and ashes fed,
Wonders if God and love are dead.
Did Heaven create the sword and flame?
And plant th' accursed rose of shame
In hearts that struggle with desire,—
That would be pure, yet in the mire
Of lust, sink deeper day by day?
Hears Christ the countless hosts that pray
In all His temples far and near,
With sigh and penitential tear—
That pray, and for an answer wait,
While none returns, though oft and late
Their cry goes up to Heaven in vain?
What shall be said of fearful pain?
The house of slaughter red with gore?
The howl of anguish, the wild roar
Of creatures desperate before

The cruel vivisector's knife?
What of the men who serve for life,
In dungeon's far removed from hope?
What of the hangman's gyves and rope?
What shall be said of starving hosts
That rot alive, where England boasts
Her gentle rule and Gospel light?
What of the golden parasite
Of Godless wealth, the selfish gain
That feeds upon the heart and brain?
With lonely graves the earth is strewn;
The dead are dead; the living groan
In anguish that no tongue can tell;
And dark as fate, the fear of hell
Looms black with doom, to mock the grace
That shone upon the holy face
Of One a Roman cross held high,
'Twixt trembling earth and shud'ring sky—
His love we owned; His word believed;
Is God not good? Are we deceived?
Swing low, swing low, thou silver moon!
The earth and sky are out of tune.

III

Swing low, swing low, thou silver moon!
Hope beckons with inviting hand;
Not all man's trouble can withstand
Her gentle smile of heavenly peace;

For every soul she hath surcease
Of anguish and despair at last.
We are not what we were of old,
And when the story has been told
Of all the ages, who shall say
The flame that burned in our dull clay
Was made to smoulder and expire?
New wisdom shall our race acquire.
On every altar holier fire,
A nobler faith shall kindle there.
Beyond the anguish and distress,
The fears that all our hearts oppress,
Beyond the wrong we may not right,
I see the dawning of the light.
The living Christ shall yet return;
The eastern star again shall burn;
Eternal love shall win the day.
Swing low, swing low, thou silver moon!
To all our race, the richest boon
Is not what we have been or are,
But what awaits us from afar.
Swing low! swing low!
The future beckons, and we go!

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH

Eventide.

THROUGH visions of the night and toils
of day,

Let no temptation's power my purpose, sway:
But grant, dear Lord, Thy love's unchanging
might,

To keep my trembling faith and honor bright.

Be hand and heart alert to do Thy will,
Not with impatient haste, but calm and still;
Thus when the long day's work for Thee is done,
My waiting soul shall dread no setting sun.

At last when softly fall the shadows deep,
And sinks th' o'er weary brain to quiet sleep,
From every anxious care and burden free,
Le me forevermore abide with Thee.

QUIET POWER

SERENE and still,
The mighty will
Of God prevails
Where striving fails.
They win the day,
Who learn the way
Of quiet power,
And bide their hour.
No work is wrought
By anxious thought.
Our foolish haste
Makes greater waste.
Life's golden prize
Before him lies,
Who takes his time.

IN ARA-CŒLI

Feb. 4, 1886.

O HOLY lies, how have ye, one and all,
Our blind and groping human race
deceived!

Devout they were who could not trust in God,
Yet in monk Luca's pictures of our Lord,
And in the "Holy Coat" at Treves believed.
The mighty Spirit who created all,
And to our crumbling dust Himself imparts,
Seemed scarcely worth an idle passing thought.
Celestial roses dropped from Paradise,
And speaking crucifixes, deftly wrought
In hallowed falsehood and ecstatic prayer,
Appeared, in every time and everywhere,
More worthy faith divine and bended knee
Than God, eternal truth, and liberty.

TRUST

Naomi.

I CANNOT know if good or ill
My future lot enfold;
But, Lord, I rest in peace, because
Thou dost that future hold.

And though at times my spirit fails,
And weary seems the day,
I grasp Thy hand and follow on
Through all the lonely way.

I care not if the road be rough,
Or filled with flowery ease;
The hardest road with Thee is smooth;
Without Thee none can please.

I would not, Lord, apart from Thee,
Bright wealth or pleasure choose;
And what I have, I pray Thee now,
For Thine own glory use.

Thus may I trust Thy holy Word,
And follow Thy sweet will;
Assured that in the darkest night
Thou art beside me still.

MADONNA

BARE was the breast that cradled Christ,
Pierced for the great world's sake;
She said: "If men forsake not sin,
This wounded heart must break."

Then down from Heaven a golden light
In robes of music fell;
A voice cried: "Thou art Queen of Heaven,
But I am King of Hell."

Seven silver flames her crown enclosed;
Their pallid lights were shed
Upon her face, to God upturned,
Like starlight on the dead.

FREEDOM

“**T**HE truth shall make you free!”
Free!—that is the very thing men fear.

The houses of convention
Are so warm and snug,
There is such sweet delight and cheer
Beneath the rafters of some old belief,
Men will not venture into open air.

Yet just beyond the threshold bloom
Bright world on world of fragrant flowers
That wear the beauty of a cloudless day,
And radiant splendor of a thousand stars.
Their plumes of green the forests lift,
Where, clad in crimson and in gold,
From bough to bough the happy birds
Sing to the listening ear of morn.

DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT

NOT till from fretful clamor rude we cease,
And discontent,
Shall th' blessed Spirit of eternal peace
To us be sent.

Th' transforming One that out from chaos wrought
A thing of life,
Flies hence at sound of wild discordant thought,
And endless strife.

In sacred hush of everlasting love,
And holy rest,
Descends the Spirit from the realms above,
To be our guest.

Therefore, awhile in faith let us retire—
Shut to the door;
That with Himself He may our hearts inspire
Forevermore.

THE REAL CHRIST

SHOULD Jesus Christ once more to earth
return—

The Christ of old in every way the same,
Would He attend a church or wear a gown?

Intone long prayers or light an altar-flame?
Would He expound our doctrines? say the creed?

Walk in procession? curtesy and bow?
Desire our priestly honors and our gold?

Would He take orders or assume a vow?
Nay, would He not despise what most we prize?

Consort with some who scarcely bear his name?
And pour contempt on sect, and priest, and
creed?

And count our loud pretensions only shame?
We think our fine distinctions please Him well,
That He approves the selfish strifes we wage,—
Strifes that have stained the “Christian” world
with blood,

And changed the love of God to churchly rage.
Go to, ye bishops, priests, and preaching men!

Your forms are idle and your words are vain;
When all your craft and worldly praise are dead,
The Son of Mary will return again.

AT THE LORD'S TABLE

LORD, at Thy table I remember Thee:
Grant Thou Thy servant grace that he may
be

At other tables sweetly mindful still
Both of Thy love and of Thy holy will;
Thus shall he bring to every hearth and home,
In every land o'er which his feet may roam,
A kindness, tender, gracious, and divine,—
A richer food than earthly bread and wine.

AGE

"Ἡδὴ γὰρ ὁ Βίος οὐμὸς ἐσπέραν ἄγει.

WHEN life grows cold,
And we are old;
The fire burns low,
And Winter's snow
Falls through twilight air,
And everywhere
Is stillness and regret;
And we forget
All save the early day,
So far away;
When life is lonely,
And we only
Have ceaseless quest—
Seeking for rest
That lingers on the way,
As loth to stay
With dull and frosty age;
Who shall our grief assuage—
The weak regret and dole
Of a poor trembling soul,
With healing words console?

Friend of the early day,
If still there stay
With us Thy presence dear,
Nor grief nor fear,
Nor sins that we deplore,
Can wound us sore.
There never can be grief,
But Thy relief
Shall fall like summer rain,
That brings again
The glad sweet flowers of spring.
And so at last,
Our work well done,
Unmoved, we'll view
The swift descending sun
Go down for aye;
And, one by one, the twinkling stars
Light up the sky.

“WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”

Isaiah xxi. 11.

“**A**RISE! for Jesus Christ has come,”
Cried the watchman on his tower:
A light flashed up the golden East,
The great clock struck the holy hour.

Men, women, and children came,
Breathing His eternal name:
“Jesus Christ is come,” they said,
“We dwell no longer with the dead.”

With waving hand and great glad shout,
They thronged the watchman all about:
The living air was filled with song;
It was a wild tumultuous throng.

“Where saw you sign of His return?”
“Yonder behold the bright star burn!”
They gazed in wonder and delight,
Upon the glory of that light.

With splendor all the heavens did blaze,
The earth sent back a shout of praise:
“Jesus Christ is come!” they cried,
“He lives who died!”

“ COULD WE BUT TRUST HIS CONSTANT
CARE ”

WHEN faith and reason sink from sight,
The sun goes down and in its night,
We pray with all our feeble might
The prayer of Ajax: “ Give me light ! ”

But when the morning reappears,
And fades as earthly mist our fears,
The prayer for light He seldom hears,
To whom our laughter and our tears

Are as the passing of a dream.
We foolish children little deem
That neither darkness nor the gleam
To Him as unto us doth seem.

Both night and day to Him are one;
The darkness and the noon-day sun,
What we desire and what we shun
With equal love He shines upon.

Could we but trust His constant care,
This world would be all bright and fair:
“ Thy will be done ” would be our prayer,
“ In Heaven, on earth, and everywhere ! ”

THE POET TO THE YOUTH

THOU by lingering for my song,
Dost the world and me a wrong.
Never yet was strain so sweet
As the sound of willing feet.
Greater than all hymns of praise—
Better than melodious lays—
Is the labor, strong and true,
That shall build the world anew.
I would give my songs away,
For the new world's opening day.

ONE

ONE blood are we;
Therefore One Blood
For us was shed,
That as we still
Are of a single race,
We might become
The one divine creation
Of the one Creative Love.

THE EVENING OF THE LORD'S DAY

AND now to rest—the sacred day is o'er!
O Soul, it was a blessed day of grace,
Made beautiful with holy love divine,
And with the shining of thy Saviour's face.

COMRADESHIP

DRIFTS a great sorrow like a lonely cloud,
Drives hence the light, and darkens all
the air;

But in the smile of one true-hearted friend,
Revives my courage and dissolves my care.

Your helpful hand, good comrade, reach me now,
Once more the sound of your glad voice I hear:
The vision clears, my strength returns again,
And rosy morn illumines the land and mere.

One trusted friend with loyal heart and free,
I hold a match for ruthless time and fate;
A deathless fellowship of comrade-souls,
Is nobler wealth than this poor world's estate.

TRUTH

THERE danger dwells where dwells not Truth,
Nor gold, nor gems, nor rosy youth,
Shall friendly be, when she hath fled;
The soul that knows her not is dead.

AFTER A FRUITLESS ARGUMENT

WHY of the truth could I persuade you not?
Because you surely held yourself to be
Appointed of high Heaven my soul to save,
And from the Wrath Divine to set me free.

So hard you wrought my blinded eyes to ope,
You had no vision for my truth; and lo!
In vain we strove with loveless words,
A dull and empty creed to overthrow.

At length we only fought, nor either cared
To take the gift that each had power to give;
We could not see how worthless is the faith
That cries, "Believe!" and never whispers
"Live!"

If I have sinned, my brother, hear this word
Of penitent regret and kindly trust:
Let there be peace between us while we live,—
The same blue heavens shall bend above our
dust.

With equal vision we may never see,
Nor yet the same cold form of words repeat;
But we, where words and vision fail, may trust,
And in a kindly life our hearts may meet.

COMMON SENSE

STRIVE not for what beyond thine utmost
striving lies,

Nor sigh the thing that must forevermore
remain;

Yield not to trifles that obstruct thine onward
way;

From lust of gold and knowledge evermore
refrain.

Not centered in thyself, but with a noble love,

Seek thou thy daily gladness in another's joy.

Thy neighbor's life should be the measure of
thine own,

For only universal pleasures never cloy;

One homely virtue is man's ever-sure defense,

His changeless friend—its name is COMMON
SENSE.

I REMEMBER

ALMOST I loved you,
But not quite;
And now I do remember
Through the long, dark night,
Stretching far behind me,
Like the restless sea,
Desolate, lonely, sobbing,
On the dark shores of long ago—
I do remember! I do remember!

Yes, I do remember! It was best!
I did not wholly love you,—
I only thought I might adore you:
Thought! You know the rest:
You too remember
(It was December)
How, when the hills were white,
And Winter day had faded
To a longer Winter night,
We quarrelled.
'Twas a blessed quarrel that gave vision
To a blind and wandering heart.

Ah well! Since then the flowers have faded,
And have bloomed again in beauty many times;
Now return the snows of Winter,
After twenty years of Winter in my heart.
I am dreaming, dreaming, dreaming
Of the roses, fragrant, fair;
Once you gayly bound them in your golden hair,
While I shouted, wild with laughter,
“*Mea rosa! Mea rosa!*”
Oh, so long—so long ago!

Had I loved you?
Had I!—who can tell
What had been my life to me
Had I loved you well?
I did not love you—that was all!
Only still I must remember
The lone desolate December,
And its visions like pale ghost-fires
Dancing in the midnight sky.

THE GOLDEN HOUR

FOR every blade of grass,
Remains a drop of dew;
For every opening bud,
Some flower's bright hue.

To every man there comes
An hour of glad surprise;
A ray of golden light
From out the deep blue skies.

Expect that hour and hope,
Enjoy that hour and live;
Its memory when it dies,
A sweeter life shall give.

TRAGEDY

O H, the tragedy of the injustice of this world,
Yoked to willing shoulders of good men!
The consent of mute Indifference,
To shame and crime that baffle,
With a keen infernal cunning,
Unceasing strife and brave endeavor
Of all earnest hearts and true!
The death-cry of despairing souls
That will not build belief,
Lest on the shifting sand of lies
The bright house of life be founded!
And the great star-lighted heavens
Brooding silent over all!

THE DEATH PENALTY

THEY err who think to silence crime with
crime—

The axe, the scaffold, and the block
Make brutal all, and deeds of darkness fell,
Like vultures, round the gibbet flock.

The hangman makes the rogue he seeks to hang,
And “ life for life ” is murder’s rule.
To crime repress, destroy the gallows-tree,
And on its ruins build the school.

THE HERO

LEARN to endure
With no weak cry
The thrusts of Fate;
Forever sure
The gods are nigh,
With hearts elate,
When men are strong
To do and dare.

Not clinging vine,
But towering oak,
The gods delight.
Who match their might
With might divine,
And fear no ill
That Fate can do,
The gods reward.
The dauntless heart,
Unyielding will,
And vision clear,
New life impart,—
New joy inspire;
While grief and fear
Are man's defeat.

Dry every tear,
The future face;
Let no disgrace
Of base retreat,
The gods enrage.
Meet every foe
With blow for blow,
And e'en the gods
Themselves engage.

LINES

Written after reading Salt's "The Logic of Vegetarianism."

NO doubt I am a fool to eat
Legs, tails, internal things, and feet;
For he who makes of flesh a feast,
Must come himself to be a beast.

So good old Henry Salt believes,
He'd have us live on cabbage-leaves,
Fruits, nuts, and juicy twigs, and bark,
Whatever grows in wood or park.

Ah me! I am a sinner sure,
With lips and stomach all impure:
I've been by Christian cooks misled;
Where shall I hide my guilty head?

Come gentle browser on the sod,
Lead my poor soul to peace and God;
Henceforth this diet shall be mine:
Sweet clover-head and dandelion.

Yet I may drink a glass of wine—
Why not? It is the fruit of vine:
On good Kentucky whiskey too
Old Salt has placed no hard taboo.

Draw near and light the evening flame,
Dear Salt be thanked! there is no shame
In sweet tobacco—'t is a weed;
It cannot suffer pain and bleed.

Havana Twists and Henry Clays
Make fragrant all our nights and days.
What more can any sinner ask,
Than sweet Perfectos and a flask?

No more at Izaak Walton's feet,
I take the merry angler's seat;
Unharm'd through friendly stream and sky,
The fish may swim, the birds may fly.

Nor gun nor hook shall bring them pain,
The Golden Age shall come again,—
At least, so far as I 'm concerned.
The cruel heart that in me burned,

Has heard hypnotic words from Salt,
And I 've surrendered flesh for malt;
Yet, on the whole, the truth to tell,
I like the change in diet well.



FORGIVENESS

WHEN man goes astray, a demon from
lowest hell
Comes swiftly forth within his sinful soul to dwell,
But when, with penitence of heart,
The tears of deep contrition start,
They drown the cruel demon, and behold he dies;
And Love Divine plants sweet forgiveness where
he lies.

QUATRAINS

HERE AND NOW

“**W**HAT is a ghost?” inquired a little child:
I gently pressed its trembling hand,
And softly whispered, “You behold a ghost,
And this bright world is spirit-land.”

PASSION

Who tastes not Passion’s burning cup,
The wine of knowledge never drains;
Like childhood’s hours, his life is filled
With infant’s joys and infant’s pains.

THE USELESSNESS OF WRANGLING

Men may argue, discuss, and contend
About sects, and parties, and schools;
But a touch of sweet love in the world,
Makes all the debaters seem fools.

A SELFISH HEART

How oft our trembling nerves we drug,
Neglecting the disease;
The trouble is a selfish heart,
That loves its own sweet ease.

FRIENDSHIP

Love burns the heart with ceaseless flame,
 But friendship, like the summer air,
 With scent of flowers from wood and field,
 Breathes gentle fragrance everywhere.

CHOICE

No fate compels the soul of man,
 To sorrow or rejoice;
 There is no fate in earth or heaven,
 But that of man's free choice.

YOUTH AND AGE

"Pleasure!" cries Youth, "'t is pleasure I
 demand;
 With eager lip the crystal cup I drain."
 Sighs weary Age, "I do remember well,
 And am content if quiet ease remain."

LIFE

Inwoven wreaths of mist
 From the sea, blown
 To islands far remote,
 And lands unknown.

CHURCH AND STATE

Behold the wedding of the Church and State!
 And lo, the bitter bridal of despair!
 The one doth justice barter to the priest,
 With gold the other chokes the mouth of
 Prayer.

THE INNER WORSHIP

By too much incense the idol is obscured,—
The pomp of worship blinds our feeble sight;
The heavenly vision waits not our command,—
The heart outweighs all holy word and rite.

“HOW DO CHERRIES TASTE?”

How do cherries taste?
I cannot tell;
But the children know,
And birds as well.

WHY?

Why should you die before you die?
Cross bridges e'er you reach the stream?
If life be as men say, a sleep,
Sleep on sweet-heart, and dream your dream.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

AND until then, brave soul, farewell;
I cannot think that what befell
Thy mortal frame must be the end
Of thee, my best beloved friend.
Yes, we shall meet again, or life
Were but an idle, foolish strife,
And death were what we most should prize.
Both summer fields and winter skies,

Repeat again:

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

TRANSLATIONS

NOTE: These Translations are, with a single exception ("To the Husbandman"), selected from *Flowers of Song from Many Lands*, being a book of Translations by Dr. Marvin published in the year 1902.

THE SONG OF THE SPIRIT OVER THE WATERS

Goethe

THE soul of man
Is like the water;
From heaven it cometh,
To heaven returneth—
Ever and forever changing.

From lofty rocky walls,
Swift leaps the glowing flood;
Then in the valley spreads it gently
O'er the rocks in cloudy billows,—
Billows ever kindly welcomed,—
Veils its murmur as it wanders
Downward to the waiting deep.

Cliffs projecting
Oft oppose it;
Angry, foaming,
Downward moves it,
Step by step.

Now in smoother channels
Through a flowery meadow winds it,
Till, within the lake reflected,
Gaze entranced the constellations.

138 Song of the Spirit Over the Waters

Wind is the loving
Wooer of the waters;
Wind together blendeth
The all-foaming billows.

Soul of man,
How like the water
Fate of man,
How like the wind!

THE BOUNDARIES OF HUMANITY

Goethe

WHEN the primeval Father,
Changeless and holy,
Sows in His bounty,
With free hand and tranquil,
From the rolling clouds,
Joy-diffusing lightnings
O'er the wide earth,
Then the last hem of His garment
I kiss with childlike awe and devotion—
My heart is filled with His homage.

For never against the immortals
May a mortal
Measure himself.
If heavenward he soar
And touch with his forehead
The stars in their courses,
His feet, insecure,
Shall find no abiding;
Clouds and tempest
Shall sport with his weakness.

140 The Boundaries of Humanity

With limbs firm and sinewy,
Let him stand without tremor
Upon the green earth enduring;
Content to resemble the oak or the ivy.

How shall we distinguish
The gods from men?
Before them the billows,
An infinite stream,
Roll onward forever;
Us a wave raises,
Us a wave swallows,
And we vanish.

A little rounded link
Encircles our life;
Yet generations of mortals
Weld themselves firmly
To the unending chain
Of human existence.

THE MASON'S LODGE

Goethe

THE mason's ways
Are a symbol of life,
And his toil
Resembles the strife
Of man on earth.

The future hides
Gladness and sorrow;
Stepwise to the sight,
Yet undaunted,
Ever on we press.

Heavy and heavier,
With reverence,
Hangs the veil.
Silent above rest the stars—
Silent below the graves!

Consider and behold;
For, lo! there rise,
In the breasts of heroes,
Ever-changing awe
And earnest feeling.

The Mason's Lodge

From yonder call
Voices of sages—
Voices of masters:
“Delay not to use
The heritage of the good!

“Here are a weaving,
In silence eternal,
Crowns that with fulness
Shall the active reward!
We command thee to hope!”

TO THE HUSBANDMAN

Goethe

SOWN are the golden seeds in the smooth
furrow

And cover'd from view ;

Deeper furrows some day shall thy bones conceal,

And under one blue

Of the heavens over-hanging, the ploughman

Shall gather food for the living :

Hope from even the tomb vanishes never,

New life the furrows are giving.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE

Goethe

INTENT on prey, an eagle spread
His pinions wide in air;
When swift the huntsman's arrow flew,
And headlong downward to a myrtle grove
The daring voyager of the sky
Fell panting, filled with anguish and despair;
And when three days and nights were gone,
Kind Nature's balm, that heals all hurts,
His fainting strength restored.
The bird outstretched his wing;—
Alas! there was no longer power for flight—
He scarce himself could raise
From off the hard, unyielding ground,
To seize some mean, unworthy prey.
With bursting heart, extended on a rock,
Hard by the rushing of a mountain stream,
Clear, sweet, and pure
As are the blue o'er-bending heavens,
With tearful eye he gazed through myrtle boughs,
To where two doves with soft and gentle flutter
of contented wings
Were resting from their humble flight;

With strut and nodding head
 They wandered by the golden sand and pebbly
 shore,
 Or bathed their feet within the silver tide.
 How full their red-tinged eyes with love!
 How low and musical their cooing voice!
 They paused—their vision fell
 Upon the stricken sovereign of the air,
 And, moved with pity, leaped the male,
 Complacent, on a nearer twig, and thus discoursed:
 “What sorrow fills thy breast? What grief be-
 dews thine eye?
 Take comfort and good cheer, my friend,
 For in this forest deep all rare delights are found.
 Hast thou not here such boundless joy
 As may all memories of the sky efface?
 Hast thou not gladness in the bending bough
 That fends thee from the sun’s meridian heat?
 And canst thou not thy breast uplift
 Upon the fragrant moss,
 And mark the sun’s declining ray?
 Here mayst thou wander through a world of
 flowers,
 And gather food from shrub and bush and tree,
 Or quench thy thirst at yonder bubbling spring.
 O friend, believe me this:
 ’Tis sweet contentment fills the world with bliss—
 Be satisfied with that thou hast,

146 The Eagle and the Dove

And everywhere thou hast enough."

Then spake the eagle as he sank in thought,

"O wise one!"—and he pondered what his ear
 had heard,—

"O wisdom! thou speakest like a dove!"

HUMANITY

Kinkel

UNNUMBERED years the hoary earth
Her countless nations hath enrolled,
And holocausts to gods hath raised
From blood-red altars manifold.

And years to come the raptured saint
To God shall other altars rear,
And sorrow still shall come and go,
And joy the human heart shall cheer.

It blinds me not! With love content,
The ceaseless strife of Time I see;
While changing empires rise and fall,
Still onward moves Humanity.

No day hath ever dawned, I know,
That gladdened not one lonely breast;
Nor Spring hath followed Winter drear
But with a song the world it blessed.

From out the ruddy wine, I know,
The vast, creative thoughts arise;
And in a woman's loving kiss
A noble fount of vigor lies.

Where'er we go, the heavens, I know,
They frown with rage, or smile with joy;
In every zone the stars serene
Some loving eye with faith employ.

So day by day, and night by night,
One thought doth every heart possess;
Where'er on earth mine eyes are turned,
A brother's loyal hand I press.

A link of that great chain which binds
The future to the past am I;
From out the struggling surge I snatch
The jewel of Humanity.

LILY AND ROSE

Herder

LILY of white innocence, and sweet red rose,
Two sisters side by side—alike
And yet how different!

O flower of purity and honor's crown,
Thou need'st not leaves to shield thy form;
A silent virtue wreath'd in fragrant beauty
Guards thee well.

But thou, O flower of passion, red, red rose,
Young Cupid's blood thy veins distending,
Thy heart so oft is pierced by love
Thou needest thorns around thee.

THE PALM

Heine

DREAMS on the lonely height
A pine tree clad in snow;
Around it icy winds
In wild confusion blow:—
Dreams of a graceful palm
In the far southern land,
In silent solitude,
Mid wastes of burning sand.

FAITH

Victor Hugo

BE like the little bird
That for an instant stays
Upon the topmost bough:
The branch beneath him sways,
But undisturbed he sings,
All conscious of his wings.

THE WHISTLING DAUGHTER

From the Dutch

WHISTLE, my dearest daughter, and I will
give thee a cow.

Ah no! my beloved mother, I cannot whistle
now—

O I cannot whistle,
Ah no! my mouth it puckers so.

Whistle, my charming daughter, and I will give
thee a horse.

Mother, I never whistled, and I could not now
of course—

O I cannot whistle,
Ah no! my mouth it puckers so.

Whistle, my gentle daughter, and I will give thee
a sheep.

Mother, I cannot whistle, so the creature you may
keep—

O I cannot whistle,
Ah no! my mouth it puckers so.

Whistle, my lovely daughter, and I will give thee
a man.

Mother, I never whistled, but I know right well
I can—

Whistle! whistle! whistle!
And so the whistling soon began.

SONG OF THE WANDERING KNIGHT

From the Spanish

MY ornaments are sword and spear,
War is my pleasure near and far,
My bed the cold green turf alone,
My quenchless lamp yon trembling star.

Long are my journeys through the day,
Brief are my slumbers in the night;
Thy spirit haunts me as I go;
I kiss thy token with delight.

From land to land I swiftly ride,
And ever sail from sea to sea;
And trust, fair lady, fate some day
May bid these knightly lips kiss thee.

ON MICHAEL ANGELO'S STATUE OF
NIGHT

LINES BY GIOVANNI STROZZI

THOU seest the sleeping Night in grace
reclining,

An angel called her from the silent stone;
She sleeps and therefore lives; if doubt there be,
Awake her now—She speaks! and doubt is
flown.

ANSWER BY MICHAEL ANGELO

'Tis sweet to sleep, but better far in stone,
For since, unaltered, loss and shame remain,
Unconscious darkness crowns supreme delight;
Speak low, I pray thee, wake me not to pain.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

From the Italian

WHEN Christ in Bethlehem was born,
The Winter night seemed rosy morn;
So bright the stars men thought 't was day—
The world in golden beauty lay;
And yet one star in splendor there,
Than all the rest more heavenly fair,
The Magi to the manger drew.

Then holy peace o'er all the earth,
Proclaimed the blessed Saviour's birth;
Together lamb and lion fed;
Calf, wolf, and bear were gently led
By little children; leopards lay
Beside the timid kids all day;
There, fangless, basked the serpents too.

As shepherds watched their flocks by night,
Bright angels from the world of light,
With music filled the trembling air,
And God himself seemed everywhere.
“Be not afraid,” they cried, “for see!
It is God's holy Jubilee,
With peace on earth, good will to you!”

TO A FALSE LADY

From the Italian

WHEN softly gathered twilight o'er the silent
air,

And out from darkness rose the first bright
star,

A gentle lady came my solitude to share.

I seemed to know her; and she was so heav'nly
fair

That, gazing, I was hers; and near or far,
To honor her, I followed where she went: and
then—

Ah well! I only pray: "God give thee, when
Thou art as I remain, the same sad plight
With which thou didst unchanging love requite."

UNDER A WINGED CUPID

Greek Anthology

'TIS vain to haste when Love pursues,
He is so nimble and so fleet;
He darts like lightning through the air,
For he has wings,—thou, only feet.

THE PRAYER OF A PERSIAN

U^NTO the sinful evermore Thy boundless
mercy show,
For Thou didst bless the good, O Lord,
when Thou didst make them so.

RENUNCIATION

From the Sanscrit

WHAT man doth once with all his heart
renounce,

By that no more he suffers pain;
Anger and care, desire and discontent,
His quiet soul assault in vain.

He who hath slain the pride that saith, "'Tis
mine,"

Nor whispers, "I am thus and so,"
Doth taste the deep repose Nirvana brings,
And one to him are joy and woe.

THE HOUSE OF GOD

From the Persian

PRONE upon the earth, in prayer, the weary
Nánác fell,
Filled with all blessed thoughts of God;
Turned toward the sacred Mecca were his dusty
feet,
And rested on the soft green sod.
When, lo! there passed a saintly Moslem priest
that way,
And cried, "Base unbeliever, dost thou dare to
pray,
Thy graceless feet extended toward God's city
fair?"
But Nánác thus made answer, "Is not every-
where
God's city? Find, if thou canst, the accursed
spot
Where, crowned with deathless praise, His holy
house is not!"

THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS

Saadi

ONE balmy day in gentle June,
While sporting in my bath so free,
In came a friend with perfumed clay,
And gave the fragrant mass to me.

Art thou of musk or ambergris?
Thou art like both: I cannot tell
Whence comes the charm, but this I know,
I am delighted with thy smell.

“I was a piece of worthless clay
Until the blooming rose I knew;
For by its side I drank delight,
And drank its heavenly fragrance too.

“But for that rose I should be still
Mere worthless clay for idle ends;
Learn well the lesson I impart—
Be careful in your choice of friends.”

IMMORTAL YOUTH

Khushhal Khan of the Afghan Tribe of Khattak

MY two-and-sixty years are flown,
Swift years of sorrow and delight,
And now my hair, no longer black,
Is turned at last a silvery white;
But ah, my heart still young remains,
Unchanged by fortune foul or fair;
And spite of frost and snow, I see
The golden Summer everywhere.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER
DROWNED SON

From the Greenlandic

ALAS, alas thine empty seat, my son!
Vainly thy garments I did toil to dry.
Thy mother's joy is clouded o'er with grief,
And darkness veils the lonely sky.

How oft I watched with straining eye for thee,
And saw thee rowing swiftly o'er the wave;
Wiser than all thy race, my noble boy,
And than the bravest still more brave.

Never with empty hand didst thou return,
But now I mourn thine empty hand and place;
Alas, how useless seems the world to me,
Since I no more behold thy face!

Friends, could I weep as ye are weeping now,
It were some comfort to my breaking heart;
The fever burns my brow, my sight is dim,
The anguish is too deep for tears to start.

Death, death alone can now be good to me;
Life is a loathsome thing, and I would go,
Far, far away from Greenland's rocky coast,
Its icy waves and fields of sparkling snow.

164 A Mother's Lament for Drowned Son

Take me, sweet Death, to thy divine embrace,
Seal with deep slumber every aching sense;
The world is empty and the stars are dust,
They hold no love for me. I would go hence.



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